

**XXXX
FILTHY**

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BLACK DOLLS

30 + MILF PRESENTS

COVERGIRL

Cassidy

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A MODEL**

F@*KS

**LIKE
A HO**

+ ALEXIS

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IS EAGER TO SHARE
HER BIG BOOTY**

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DOWN & DIRTY
BLACK
DOLLS**

BLACK DOLLS

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The only problem with Alexis is that it's hard to figure out where to look. She's got monster knockers, as well as a butt that is just begging to be grabbed and squeezed. You could say that she was just made for wet dreams. It's not like lots of girls don't have giant jugs and bodacious booties, but Alexis is something special because she's 100% natural. You won't find any silicone in this hot mama, just the generous curves the good lord gave her.

Alexis

A Real Woman Has Curves



With so much to offer, it's no surprise that she likes to share.









Before she gets really down and dirty, she likes to start out slow. She likes to be good and ready and sliding between these puppies is the perfect primer.



Alexis has a filthy mouth and likes to talk dirty while she's getting pumped. She says it makes her all hot inside.





There's no lack of places to grab onto or tasty places to lick. She likes to be felt up and makes good and goddamn sure it's done right.









Time and time again she's shown that if
you treat her right, she'll treat you right
too. After all, a woman like this deserves
the very best.
Can you do it?

800-347-8928



Aliana

*Getting What She
Wants, Now*

Aliana was always one of the popular girls, and looking at her, it's easy to tell why. It doesn't hurt that she puts out at the drop of a hat, though she really can't be blamed, considering she has a figure that was made to be shown off. You can't really argue with perfection, so when she sets her sights on a guy, the deed's as good as done. She's a sinful slut and she even got a tattoo to remind herself of where she stands, though we're doubting she'll forget anytime soon.



No one can ignore a view like this. If it doesn't get your juices running, it's pretty certain nothing will.











Aliana is a bit of a size queen and seems to prefer darker meat. If she's gonna groove, she says, she might as well make it count big time.







She's a hungry girl and needs
to be fed just right. Maybe you
have something she'd like?

800-482-9447



If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

I burst out the door and into the sunlight. And she grabbed me and slammed me up against the metal wall, kissed me hard and wet, with plenty of tongue.

I'd chased her up the stairs and out onto the roof of the building. And she'd been waiting by the door, to ambush me with some hot and heavy mouth-loving. She grasped my cock through my pants with one hand, my red hair with the other, her neon-pink tongue twisting all around mine, thick lips sealing and sucking.

The sun blazed down out of the cloudless sky and the wind whipped all around us, out there on the open roof of the fifty-storey hotel. And me fucking afraid of heights!

I was supposed to be helping hotel guests, hauling their luggage and food orders around, dragging my ass through the last hour of the day shift. But when I'd answered the bell at Room 4104, this licoricious babe had been waiting for me, tits double-ballooning a purple tube-top, derriere bubbling pink shorty-shorts.

I'd swallowed my bland customer grin and flat-out stared at the coal-black hottie with the big brown eyes and shoulder-length black hair, golden bling decorating her neck, waist, fingers and ankles. I'd croaked out an enquiry as to what she wanted. And she'd responded with, "You!" grabbing me by the starched collar and plastering her plush lips to my kisser.



TENTH-OF-A-MILE HIGH CLUB

Then she'd bounced by me and down the hall. And I'd done what any good bellhop worth his horny hide would've done – I'd chased after her. Trailing her bounding buttocks and squealing giggles up multiple flights of stairs to the top of the building, out onto the roof. Where the crazy-hot chick had caught me, and kissed me, and frenched me, and fondled my prick.

I tried to grab onto her huge booty, sink my fingers into that heavy dark

meat. But she pushed out of my arms and turned bloated tail and ran over the gravel to the very edge of the roof.

"Careful!" I yelled. More to myself than to her. Because enough blood drained out of my dick and into my brain for a split-second, to remind me that I was terrified of heights; had been since senile Grandpa had tossed me off the end of the dock and into the water when I was way too young to know how to swim.

Black beauty jumped up onto the three-foot-high concrete lip that ran around the roof of the building, and laughed at me. I didn't laugh back, watching in horrified wonder as she

performed a quick striptease, the deep blue sky forming her backdrop. The tube-top popped off, was sucked away by the wind. And then she shimmied out of her shorts, dark mooning me. That tiny piece of stretched-out clothing went sailing.

She spun sideways on the parapet, noir body and gold jewelry gleaming in the sun, jugs and junk humping as she jumped up and down. I gasped, and gaped. She paraded back and forth on the concrete balance beam, up on her tip-toes, thunder cheeks clenching and monster mambas shuddering. Before finally jumping back down onto the gravel.

I blew out exhaust, my body bathed in perspiration. And then I sucked oxygen into my lungs and courage into my heart and really hit the heights, rushing forward and tackling the chocolate bunny in my arms. The steel in my cock steeling my nerves.

We kissed, frenched. I ran my sweaty mitts all over the babe's over-ample curves, her skin smooth as satin, swollen at all the right parts. She ripped my scarlet tunic and black pants open, flicked her wet taster at my nipples, clutching and squeezing my bared cock with her bare hand.

She dropped to her knees and sucked my pink pipe into her big, juicy mouth, sucked hell out of it, almost wet-vaccing my foreskin right off. My eyes popped open and I saw the concrete city stretched out fifty stories below. I shut my eyes and clung to the cock-sucker's slick, straightened hair, letting the wicked pull of her mouth send me safely sailing.

But this 'ho so-good wanted the full tenth-of-a-mile high experience. She jumped up and flopped back, draping herself over the three-foot-wide ledge and spreading her legs, and pussy.



It was an electrifying and terrifying sight. Her pink shone wet and gaping right in front of me, a 500 foot drop gaping a yard behind that sweet sexual nirvana.

I swallowed my fear and commonsense and wobbled forward. And she hooked me around the waist with her ankles, jerking me right into her snatch. I plowed in long and hard, deep into the hottest, dampest pussy I'd ever penetrated, and pumped my hips. It could only cost me my life, after all.

She dug her heels into my ass, spurring me on. I gripped her charcoal chest-mounds and pistoned her gripping, dripping twat, staring down at the wild-eyed babe, at the precipitous freefall just beyond her jerking head. The only thing more dizzying than the sights and the sensations was my head.

I pounded pink cock into the ebony bitch, almost sending the pair of us over the edge. But first her – she clutched my grasping hands on her hooters and shuddered and screamed, coming on the end of my plunger, on the cusp of forever.

I held onto her by the jumping velvet humps and furiously fucked her. Then bucked, blasted, steaming cream into her jungle pussy, vertigo obliterated by volcanic eruption.

High buildings and low women – you can't beat that combination in the hotel biz!

-Sylvan Dunlap

GOING DOWN HOME

Visiting my parents back on the farm is usually about as exciting as a Grant Wood painting. I got the hell out of that rural middle-of-nowhere and moved to the west coast as soon as I could, and seldom look back. Except when I have to. Like for my parents' recent 30th wedding anniversary.

The place hadn't changed a lick from when I'd last set jaded, big city eyes on it — a small white farmhouse and red barn, surrounded by acres and acres of budding sunflowers — except for two very noticeable improvements: Candace and Celeste. They were in the kitchen, helping prepare the feast for the following evening, and I feasted my eyes on them to the point of filling my penis.

Candace was lean and long and blonde and tanned, looked like one of those Russian lady tennis aces, except she spoke with a Midwestern accent, while Celeste was a petite, busty black girl with dark eyes, smooth skin and more curves than Nebraska could ever hope for. Apparently, the girls lived in town together, had struck up a friendship with my mother through church or some seed society or something.

I admired their kitchen skills, almost as turned-on by those as their young, ripe bodies. Bachelorhood makes a man hungry for better fare.

The girls took a break with me. They were real friendly, easy to get along with. We walked out behind the barn and I pretended to survey the geographical scenery, while secretly staring at the human, as they chattered away.

There was a hose lying on the ground. It was a hot day. The girls were wearing just shorts and halter-tops, pretty as a pair of Daisy Dukes.



I picked up the hose and turned on the tap, turned the hose on the girls.

"Hey!" Candace yelped, sticking out her hands to fend off the cool stream of water, her chest taking a good soaking nonetheless.

"Me next!" Celeste yelled.

I swung the nozzle over, dousing the black girl's ample chest with the clear, revealing liquid. The thin material of her top was quickly drenched, molding to her firm, full tits. The natural beauty wasn't wearing a bra and her nipples stuck out like twin exclamation points on our mounting excitement.

Candace jumped over and flung an arm around her girlfriend's shoulders, now boldly taking my spray in her braless chest. It was hoser's heaven. I soaked those two lovely girls, drooling at their tits, springing forward in their sodden tops. Then I dipped my stream lower.

"Eek!" Candace screamed. She crossed her long, bronze legs and stuck out her hands again to ward off the pussy-seeking water.

"Oh, no you don't!" Celeste shrieked, rushing forward. She wrestled the spurting hose out of my hands, spouting, "It's time to cool you off!"

She pointed the gushing business end of the flexible tubing at me and washed my crotch. My cock was already hard as an unripened ear of corn and now it sproinged even harder with the impact of the water, no way of

hiding it. I tented my wettened pants like Celeste and Candace were tenting their tops.

The girls giggled, staring, pointing, spraying me. I ran at them with my erection and they scattered like chicks before a gamecock, dropping the hose and dashing inside the barn. I trotted after them, leaving the hose behind — it'd done its job.

It was downright dark inside the barn after the bright sunshine of the great outdoors. I stopped and blinked, looking around. A giggle burst out from one of the empty animal stalls, the first one in line along the west wall. I crept over there, cock twitching in my drenched pants like a divining rod.

The stall was made of one-by-four planks, nailed lengthwise about an inch apart, was about five feet high. I ducked down and peeked through an opening in the slats, saw Candace crouched down in the ankle-deep hay by the front of the stall.

She looked hungry; it was feeding time. The inch between the planks wasn't quite enough room to accommodate what I had going on in my pants, so I found a knothole, unzipped, hit it with my bare prick.

"Come and get it!" I chimed good-naturedly and was instantly jolted by a pair of soft, warm lips sucking up my bloated hood and half of my swollen shaft. I grabbed onto the top of the stall, the wet, hot, vaccing mouth pulling me up tight to the slats, pulling hard on my prick. I looked over and saw Candace

still at the front of the stall, staring at me staring at her.

Holy shit, I brain-cried, don't tell me old Bessie's come back to life and is milking my dong! I looked down and breathed one giant sigh of relief and joy. It was Celeste's dark head down there, bobbing back and forth on my knotted cock. She was on her knees in the hay, hands splayed out on the boards, sucking on my prick like cum was cream and she had a raging calcium deficiency.

I stared down at the eager girl, feeling her moist, heated tug all through me, along every throbbing inch of my dong. I quivered against the side of the stall, then jumped when Candace crawled over and yanked my cock out of Celeste's mouth and plunged it into her own.

"Corn-fed country girls!" I exhaled, exulting in the erotic sensations of the blonde now blowing me.

Candace sucked with a fearsome intensity, just about Hoovering my foreskin off and my body and soul right through the knothole, until she got elbowed down into the hay and Celeste took over again. The brunette throatied me full-length, peeling her glittering eyes back to look up into my ecstatic face.

Now this was country livin'!

Candace scrambled to her feet and ran out of the seedy playpen, around to my side. She encircled my waist with her long arms and fully unfastened my pants, pressing up close to me, her sweet scent flooding my senses like Celeste's velvety mouth and throat were flooding my schlong. Then the girl yanked my pants and underwear right down from behind, leaving me bare-assed, as well as cocked.

I tried to twist my reeling head around to see what she was up to, without my moving my hummered dick an eight-of-an-inch either way in that knothole and Celeste's mouth. I found out what the blonde was up to — feeling, not seeing. She slapped her warm hands down onto my butt cheeks and went down on my balls, spearing her long tongue in



between my legs and licking at my nut sack.

"Package deal!" I gulped, getting my cock sucked, my balls licked.

Candace pushed my trembling legs further apart and her pretty head further in, swallowing my pouch whole and tugging on it. I was getting pulled in two different, delicious directions at once. It put a strain on every fiber of my being. I was one happy barnyard animal!

But then, suddenly, the girls dropped my equipment like the real dinner bell had just rung. Celeste stood up on one side of the pen and wriggled her shorts down, kicked them aside, then gripped my slickened dick and stroked. While Candace glided her tongue around the world of perineum and then stood up herself, moistened a pair of fingers on her wet top and slid them in between my butt cheeks.

The one girl touched asshole just as the other girl touched my hood up against her hole. I was zapped cattle-prod electric, both sides. Celeste plunged my cock deep into her pussy tunnel, pushing herself right up against the planks. Her big wet tits flattened into the slats in front of me, my raging length buried in her molten snatch, as Candace plunged a pair of her long, slender fingers into my butthole. She popped my pucker and plugged deep into my bung, pressing her soft, hot body into my quivering physique from behind.

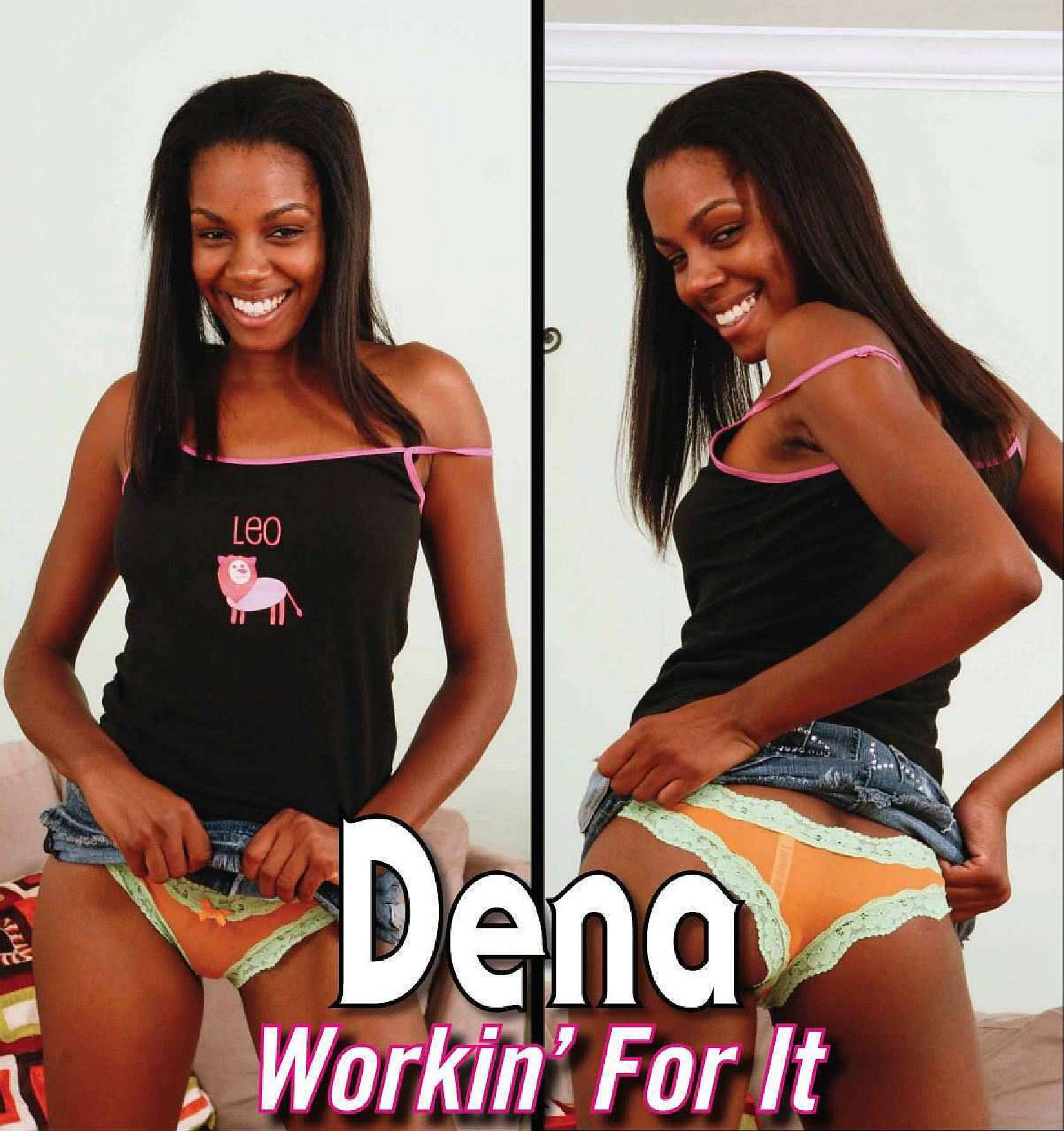
I was beef on the boards, hooked up with Celeste in front, Candace in back. The blonde pumped me, sliding her digits back and forth in my chute, pumping me into pumping her girlfriend, my cock gliding back and forth in Celeste's pussy. I buzzed like a field full of grasshoppers, fucking one girl, getting reamed by the other.

Celeste shot her tongue into my gaping mouth, bouncing against the boards in rhythm to my churning prick. Candace bit into my neck, slamming her fingers in and out of my ass. It was weird, wild, fucking awesome!

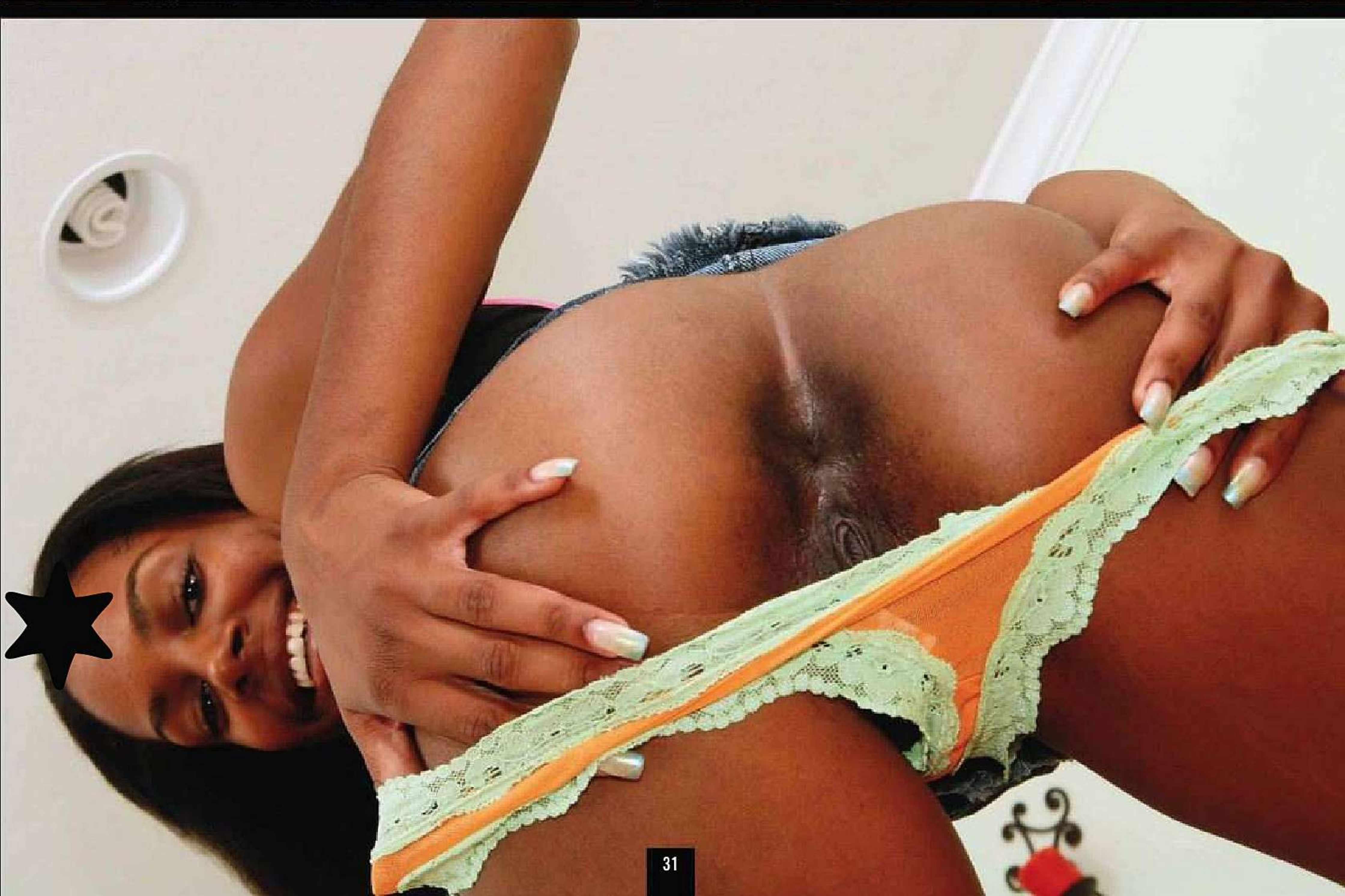
The girls worked it like a well-oiled machine, loosening bolts all over me to the point where I was ready to blow a gasket. I pounded into Celeste's cunt, just about smashing the boards apart, Candace driving me faster and faster with her fingers. Celeste sucked on my tongue, her pussy walls sucking on my cock. Candace swirled her tongue around in my ear, her flying digits delving the depth of my depravity. I bucked like a bronco, blasting white-hot sperm into Celeste, Candace riding my butt to the bowels, pressure-pumping every ounce of jizz out of my balls.

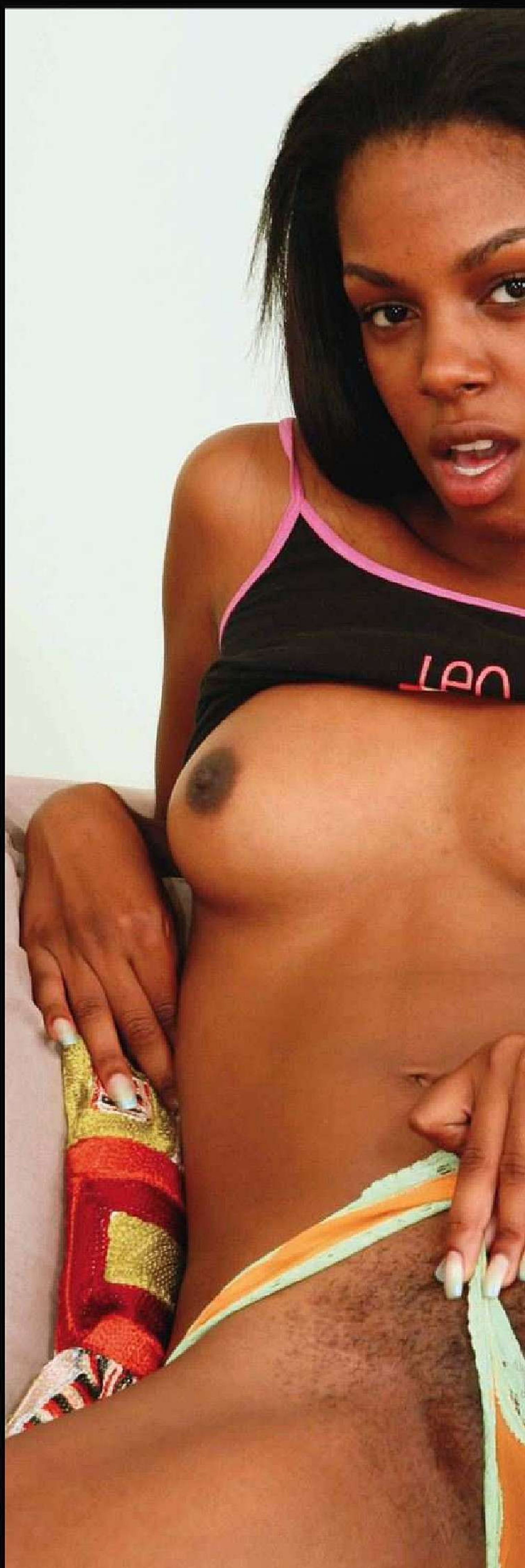
Thank God I'm a country boy!

, — Byron Dunning



Considering where she came from, Dena is doing quite well for herself. While she's not rich, she's not poor either. Her daddy always told her that nothing in life is free and a person's gotta work to get what they want. She always took this advice very seriously and has applied it to every aspect of her life - including her sex life. Dena isn't one of those girls who lays still and expects the man to do all the work. If she's really into a guy, she'll make sure she keeps him coming back for more of her special loving.







With her gnawable nipples and her leaking slit, there's plenty here to get a guy hooked.





While she's plenty energetic on the outside, it's inside where the action is really coming down, in her hot little box.







Any which way you do her, you're in for a treat.

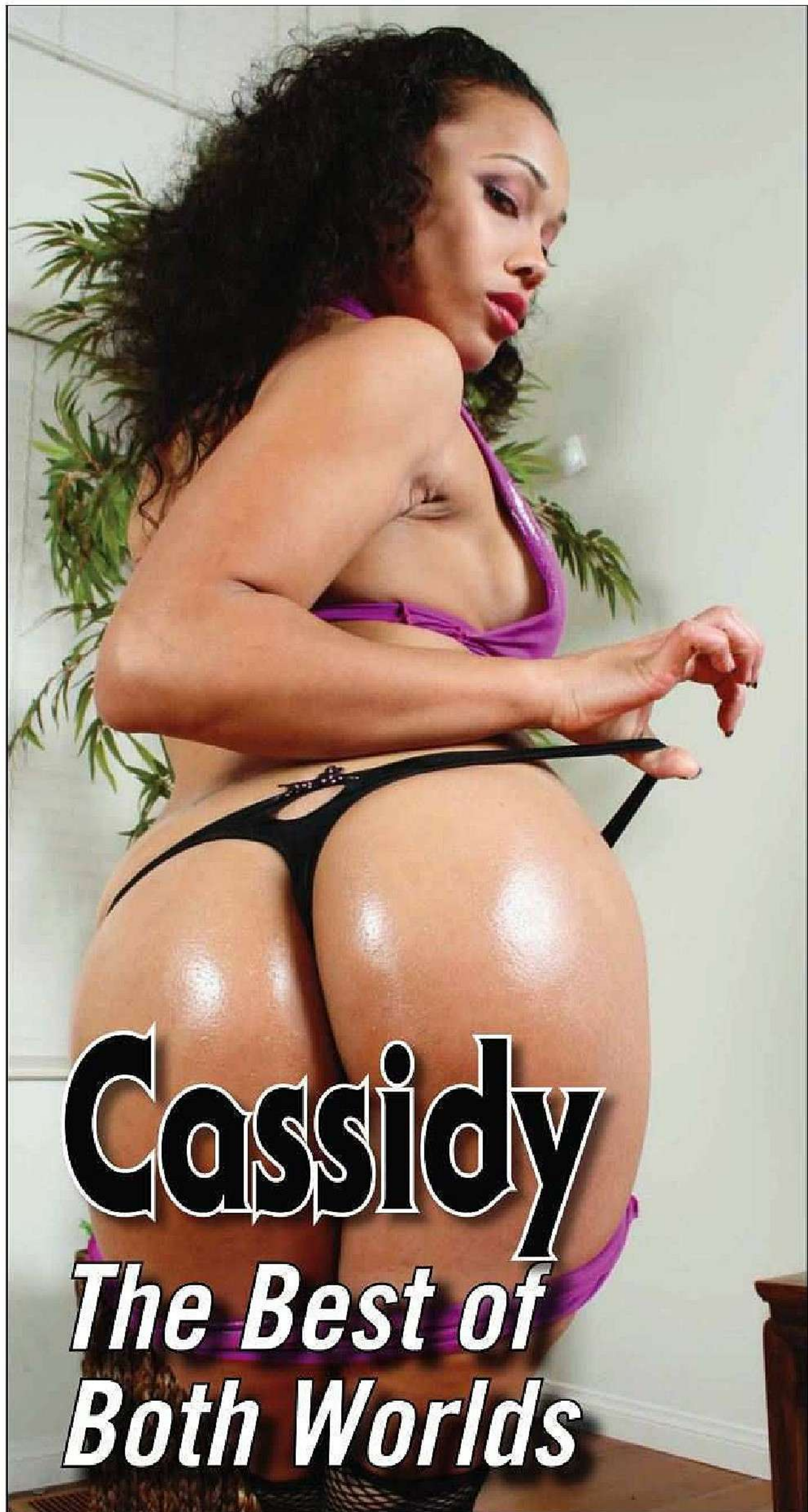






If you like a girl who knows how to work for it,
Dena's for you.

800-230-8887



Cassidy might look like a classy girl, but there's nothing classy about the way she screws. Some would label her a total hedonist, though she just says she likes a good time. She's spicy and sultry and is always on heat. This works out just fine for her boyfriends, who like a girl who looks respectable enough to take home to mom, but is wild in the sack.



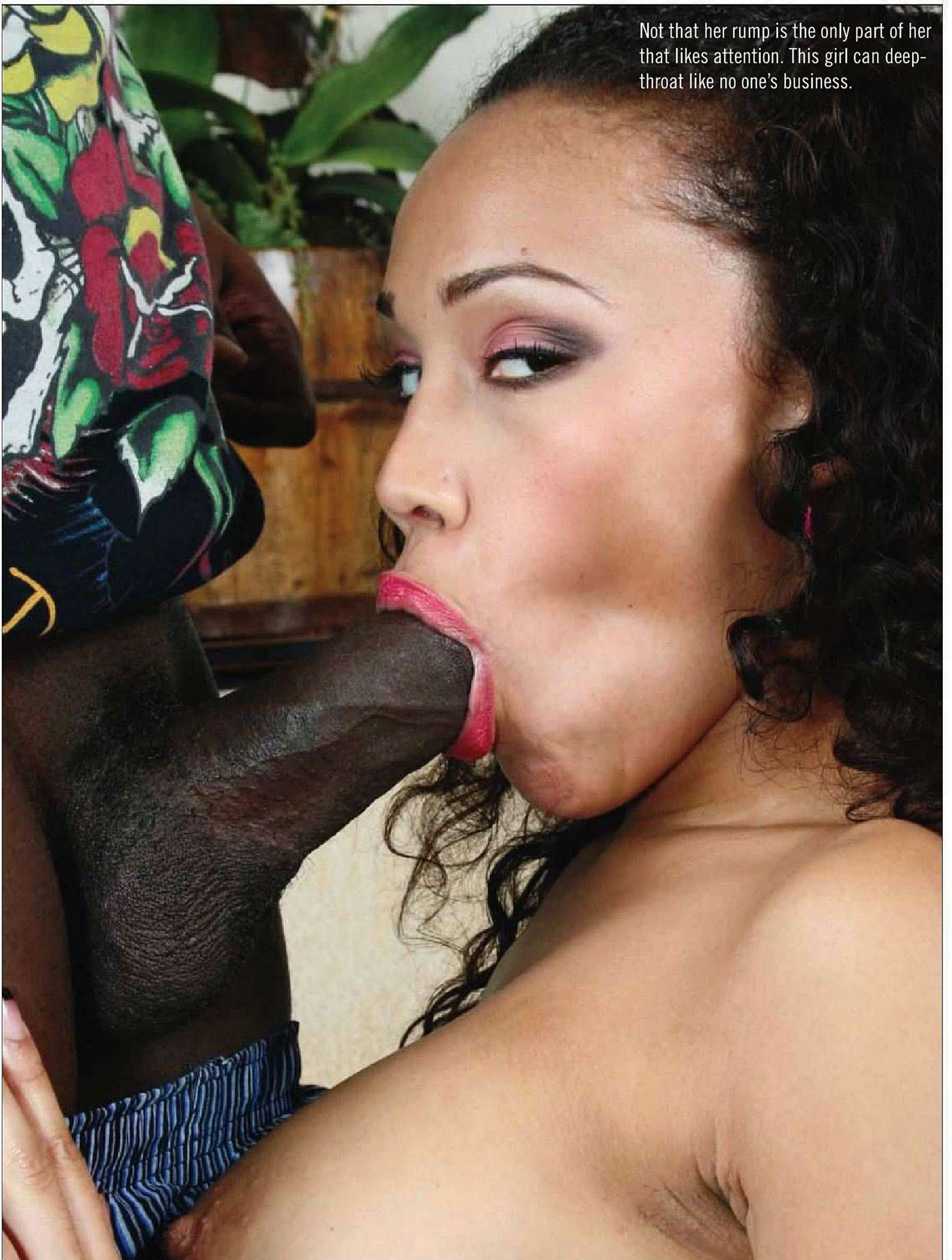


Good thing she's always in the mood, because with a plump rump like this, she's sure to get plenty of action.





Not that her rump is the only part of her that likes attention. This girl can deep-throat like no one's business.











She really gets off on a good banging. She doesn't have any use for men who won't give it to her hard.











She's just waiting to see if you've got what it takes.

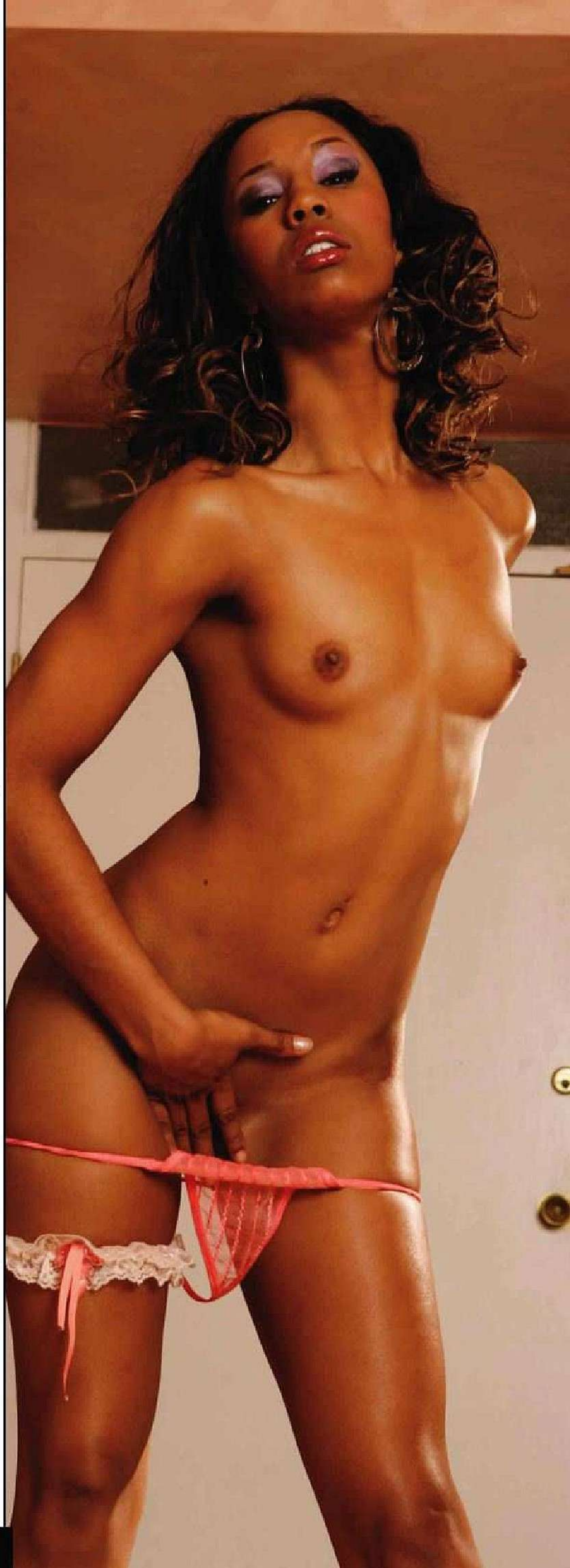
888-597-2739

A full-page photograph of Misty Stone. She is a Black woman with long, dark, curly hair, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. She is wearing a strapless, corset-style top in a light pink or coral color with white lace trim along the edges and a small bow at the bust. She is also wearing matching lace-trimmed underwear. The background is a simple interior with a white door and a brown wall.

Misty Stone

A Roommie Thing

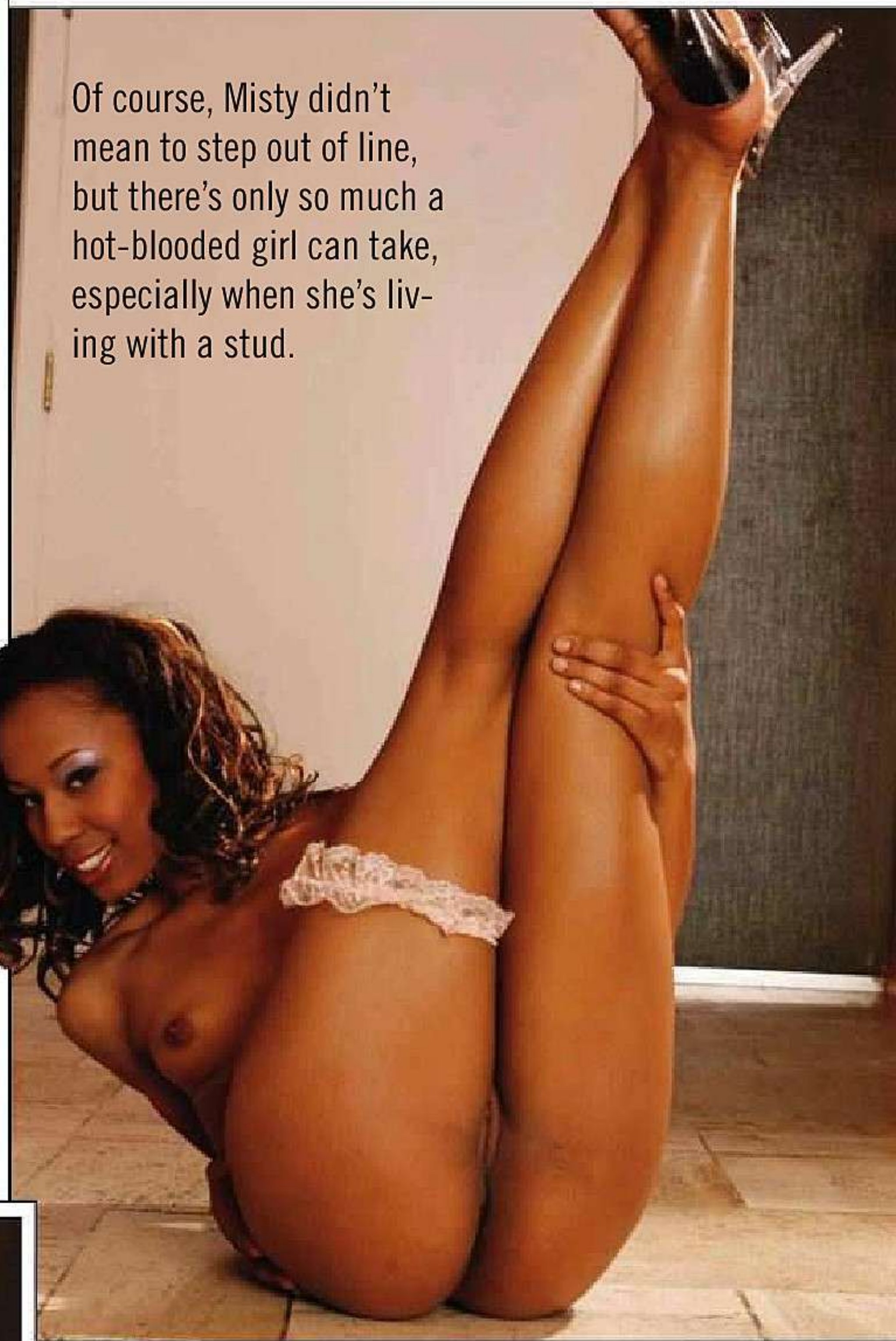
Misty's got a decent enough job, but to be able to live in the part of town that she does, as well as in an apartment as big as she wants, she's gotta have a roommate. She's never really gotten along well with girls, so living with one was a definite no. Guys are a completely different story as she gets on with them well. She told her boyfriend it wasn't a big deal, because it was just to make rent. Though he wasn't down on the whole situation, he trusted her, which was a pretty silly thing to do, because a boy, living with a girl, creates some dangerous situations.







Of course, Misty didn't mean to step out of line, but there's only so much a hot-blooded girl can take, especially when she's living with a stud.





The first time was over drinks, so she brushed it off as a drunken accident, but there was no way to justify the second and third times, other than she had a thing for his cock.









Though she knew her boyfriend wouldn't stand for any of this if he ever found out, she just couldn't seem to help herself, and neither could he.









This is one roommate with all the benefits.

Want some of this action?

888-599-2264





Nyomi
Poolside Pussy





Home for the summer, Nyomi didn't have many exciting prospects until her neighbor asked if she could keep an eye on their house while they were on holiday. They were having some long overdue renovations done and she wanted to make sure that the men didn't walk away with more than they came with. She sweetened the deal by mentioning that Nyomi could use their pool whenever she wanted, which was a definite perk, since Nyomi never shunned an opportunity to show of her bikini body.







Her neighbor hadn't mentioned anything about keeping her hands off the builders and Nyomi wasn't known for her hands-off approach.







Since her bikini was barely there, it took next to no effort to get her completely naked, and from there, it was a straight shot into her snatch. She never believed in making things more difficult than necessary.







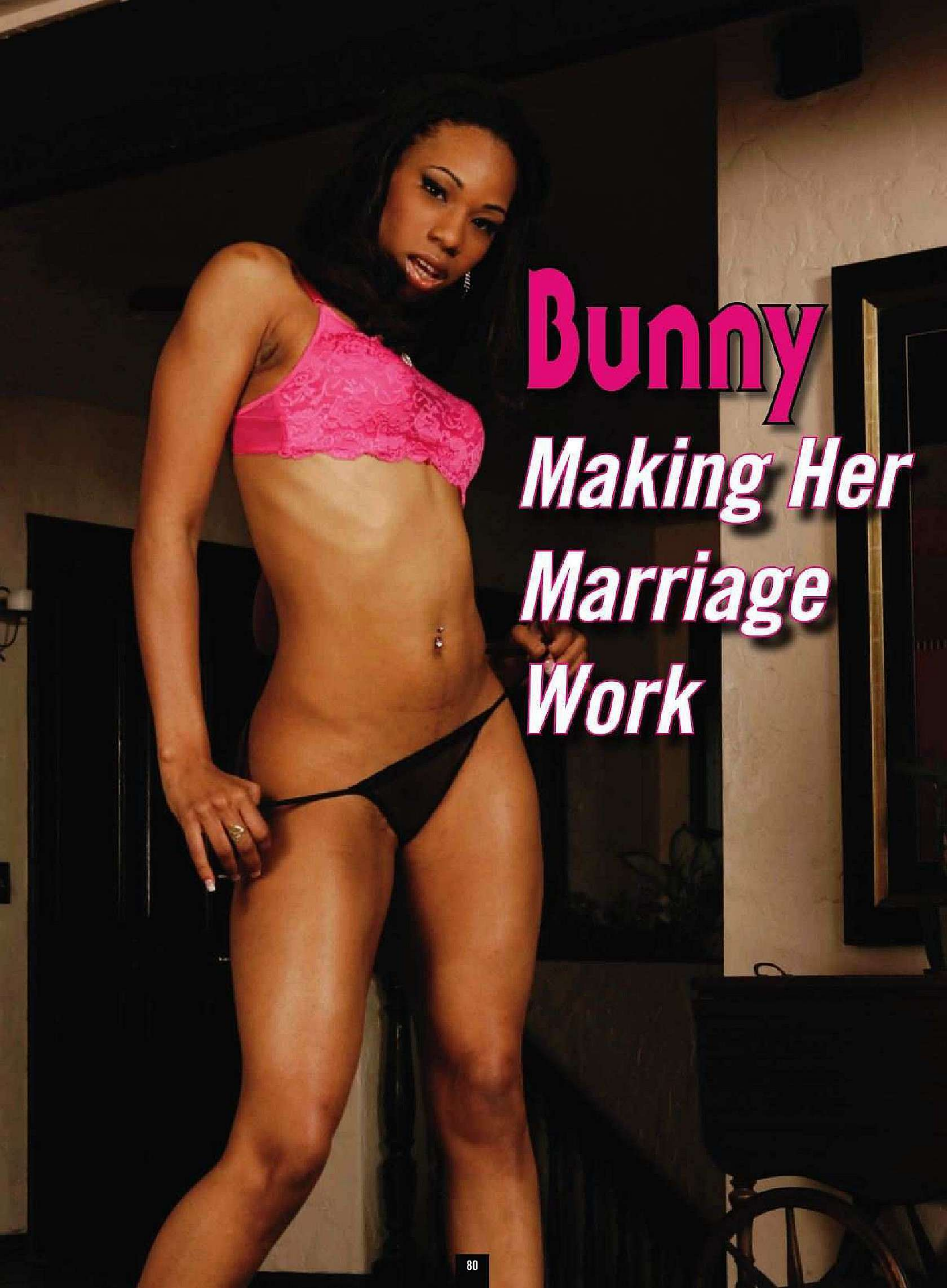




Nyomi's summer is suddenly looking a whole lot better. Care to join in the fun?

888-664-5347



A woman with long dark hair is posing in a room. She is wearing a bright pink lace halter top and black thong underwear. She has a belly button piercing and is looking towards the camera. The background is dark and indistinct.

Bunny *Making Her Marriage Work*



Bunny is the trophy wife of a very boring executive. At first she was dazzled with the lifestyle and content to put up with his eccentricities because, if nothing else, he knew how to keep her happy with plenty of sparkling gifts. But a girl can appreciate only so much jewelry before the motive behind it goes cold. So, Bunny did what so many jaded wives do - she had an affair, or to be more precise, many affairs. Her husband didn't seem to notice, and for the first time in her marriage, she was actually satisfied.



The longer she got away with it, the bolder she got, even bringing her flings home when she knew her husband was out.





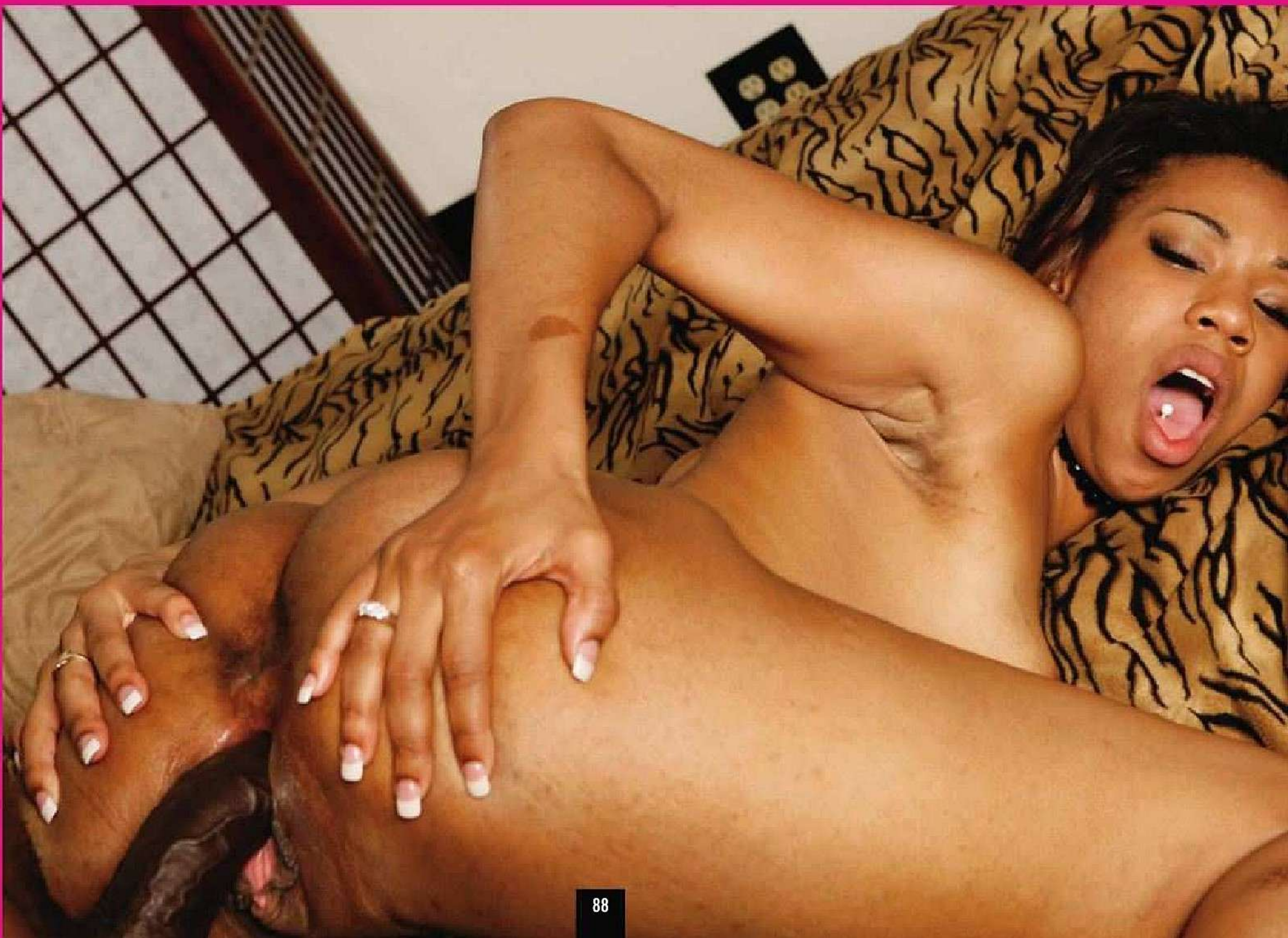
In fact, she was shameless, which is the best way to be when you have a stranger's shaft down your throat.













This is just the passion her marriage had been missing. Bunny has always been a very sexual person, and if she isn't kept well satisfied, she's not going to stop until she is.



The thing is, the more she has, the more she wants, which is how these things generally work...





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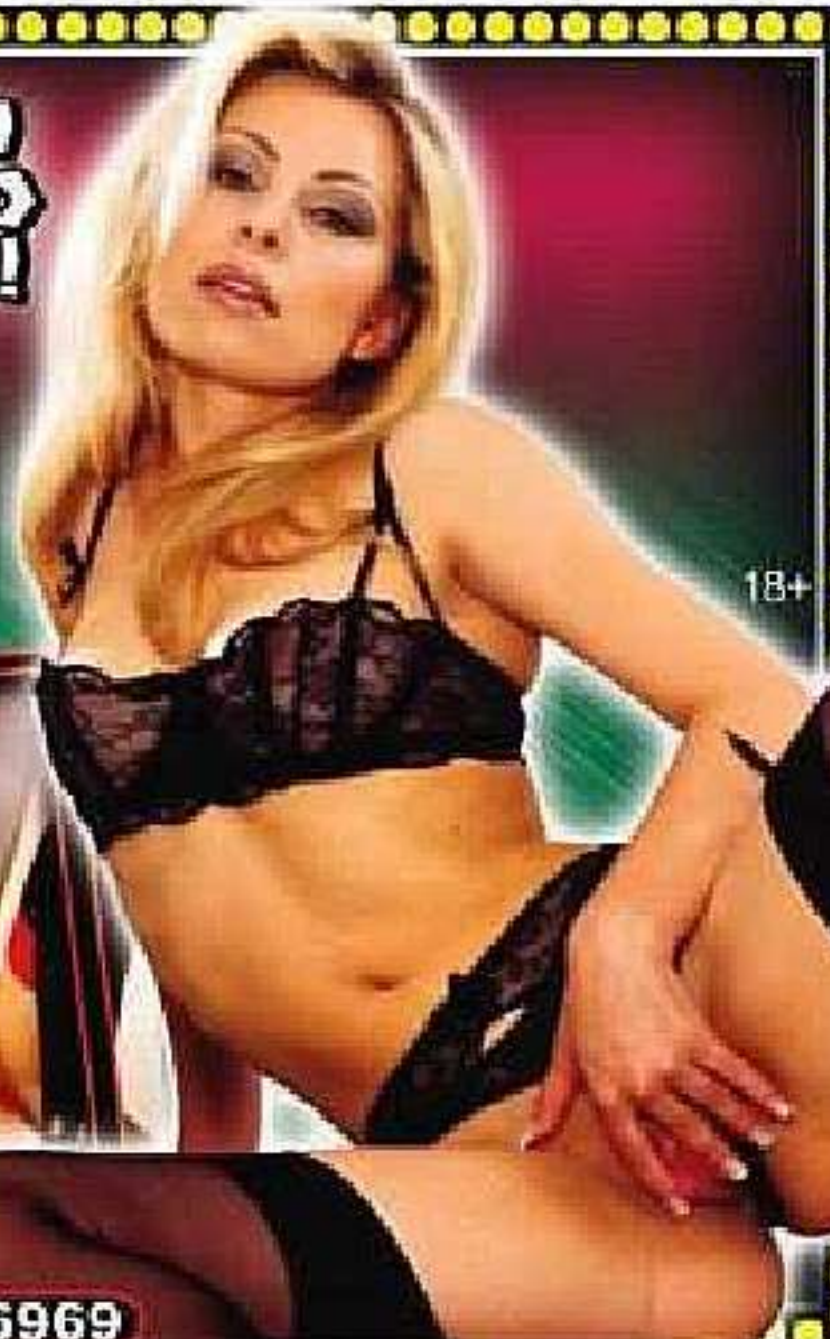
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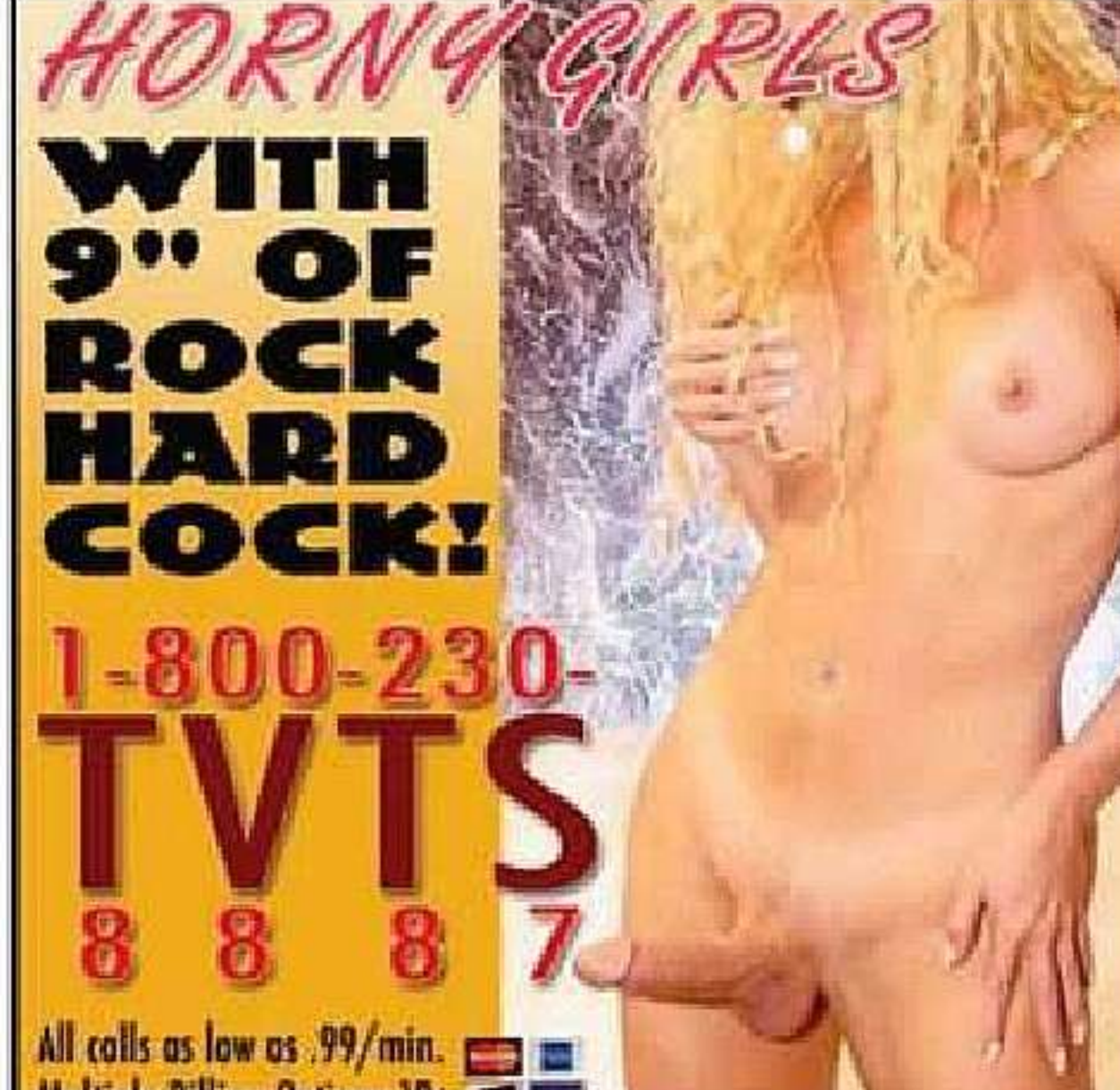
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